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# THE All-Devouring Monster;

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OR NEW

# FIVE per C-----T.

A

# BALLAD.

By TROJANUS LAOCOON.

K

*O wretched Countrymen! what Fury reigns?*
*What more than Madness has possest your Brains?*
*Somewhat is sure design'd, by Fraud or Force:*
*Trust not their Presents, nor admit the* HORSE.

DRYDEN's Virg.

Duplicate

PANDÆMONIUM,

Printed for *Venerable* MERLIN, *Mansion* [illegible]

# BALLAD

BRITISH MUSEUM

II

THE

# *All-devouring Monster, &c.*

I.

YE Britons! who hate to be led by the Nose;
Who bravely wou'd Measures destructive oppose;
I sing of a Project will plunge us in Woes,
*Which Nobody can deny, deny;*
*Which Nobody can deny.*

II.

In C--l infernal this PROJECT was fram'd,
When 'gainſt hapleſs *England*, all Hell was inflam'd;
And ſo may, with Juſtice, *Satanic* be nam'd,
*Which Nobody can deny* &c.

III.

Like Tinder you fir'd, at the name of EXCISE;
But whilſt a new HYDRA does, mountainous, riſe,
Each *Dupe*, unallarm'd, in a Lethargy lies,
*Which Nobody can deny* &c.

IV.

The *Scheme* I've in view, is the bold *Five per C--t*,
On IMPORTS; --- a Tax of a monſtrous Extent:
Poor TRADE thou'lt go naked, thy Garment thus rent,
*Which Nobody can deny* &c.

V.

This Cuſtom, or Duty, or Tax (if you pleaſe,)
On all parts of TRADE, * like a Murrain, will ſeize;
And pierce through its Vitals, by rapid Degrees,
*Which Nobody can deny* &c.

VI.

'Twas ſlyly propos'd, as a marvellous Pill;
A Remedy ſuited to our preſent Ill:—
'Twill cure us, indeed; ſince 'twill certainly KILL,
*Which Nobody can deny* &c.

VII.

For this *Five per C—t,* will be Thirty or more, †
On *Currants, Tobacco*; —— ſo on to a ſcore;
A Proof this vile *Tax* will drive TRADE out of Door,
*Which Nobody can deny* &c.

* *'Twill prejudice (among other Articles) our Woollen Manufacture, as Oil is uſed in making Cloth.*

† *Occaſioned by the preſent low Price of ſome foreign Commodities, in Proportion to the Value of them, as fixed formerly in the* BOOK OF RATES. *A moſt pernicious Fallacy lies concealed here, for the clearing up of which, enquire of the only true Connoiſſieurs in theſe Matters, the Merchants.*

VIII.

VIII.

O *England*! why deaf to thy COLONIES Cries,
When, dear as thy ſelf, thou ſuch Daughters ſhould'ſt prize;
Their Murther, againſt thee, in Judgment will riſe,

*Which Nobody can deny* &c.

IX.

Ye SMUGGLERS! Who luſt on our Bowels to prey,
Rouze, toſs up your Hats, from your Holes burſt away:
Fly; riot on Plunder, for now is your Day,

*Which Nobody can deny* &c.

X.

Th'Effects of this *Tax*, will ſoon make us look blue,
It's Nature, it's Drift, being known but to few:
Reverſe of the GLASS-ACT.---This all Men ſaw thro',

*Which Nobody can deny* &c.

XI.

XI.

Some *Frenchman* muſt, ſure, in a Patriot's Diſguiſe,
Have gilded this BITE, with the name of S—— applies:
But curſe on ſuch Duſt, for 'twill blow out our Eyes,
*Which Nobody can deny* &c

XII.

Juſt GEORGE! on thy Councils may Happineſs wait.
O reſcue our *Trade* from the Harp--s of St--e!
Stretch forth thy bright Scepter, or 'twill be too late,
*Which Nobody can deny* &c.

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*FINIS.*

XI.

me Frenchman mild, Sure, in a Patriot's Disguile,
ve gilded this Bite, with the name of S----
t curfe on luch Duft, for 'twill blow out our Eyes,
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FINIS.